

A PHARISEE OF THE FAIR GREEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY RUTH EDWARDS.

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The headquarters of the Mountaineers Golf Club stood facing the rain-washed hills, with the red and yellow and brown foliage of autumn softened behind a veil of mist. From the low steps of the club house the fair green stretched like emerald velvet, the grass still summer-hued.

John Davoud, keeper of the aforesaid club house, instructor in the royal game of golf, winner of many matches, was a strong-shouldered, broad-chested young fellow. In knickerbockers and a gray sweater, he stood on the veranda, a disheveled masher with the brown hand, looking across the wet links with appreciative eyes. He loved his environment with an unprospective passion.

A bedraggled caddy came from around the corner of the house.

"Don't believe there'll be anything doing this morning, Tommy," said Davoud kindly. "Too rainy!"

The high-born dandy who hung mockingly on Davoud's admonitions at the proper way to swing a driver and manipulate a putter were not accustomed to venture forth when the green was a sponge and the holes were brimming with water.

"Ain't the lady what was here yesterday a-come?" he inquired of the caddy. "She said she was sure."

Yes, Davoud admitted, she had said so. He even admitted more to his secret heart. She was proud as Lucifer and a duffer at

blinding her; the big blisters on her hands small and smart. "A little better," Davoud admitted temperately. "Try again!"

The moisture in her eyes was not all from water by this time, but she bit her lips and went at it again.

Suddenly a smoothness and ease seemed to descend upon her like a benediction from heaven.

"It's coming!" said Davoud, a trifle breathlessly. "Try again!"

Again she swung, and again. Davoud's hand went into his pocket. "Now try your ball!" he said.

Her eyes fastened upon the little white, hard rubber sphere.

"Take your swing. Don't think anything about hitting the ball. Just sweep it off," advised Davoud, excitedly.

Back went her club, down it came with the prolonged whizz so dear to the golfer's heart, away sailed the little sphere, straight as an arrow, down the velvet slope, hitting the ground and running swift and straight into the brook.

"Good work!" said Davoud. "Try another. Let it come, but hit it from under."

There were no tears in her eyes now. She forgot the ache of her back, the smart of her blisters, the coolly and quietly she dropped the ball. She was hardly conscious of the contact between it and her driver, but away sped the little white globe, clearing the brook, clearing the bunker on the other side, and dropped, a little indistinct object in the blur of rindrops, on the green beyond.

"That's the kind!" said Davoud. "You've



IN AN INSTANT THE GIRL IN THE BALL GOWN WAS ON HER KNEES AT HIS SIDE.

the game. What a disheartening exhibition of topped balls and pulls and slices her last lesson had been. But a girl with a face like that was subject to none of the standards brought to the judging of other mortals. She might break his smashes and treat him like dirt in the boxes, if she pleased.

Davoud only remembered that her eyes were gray stars under a midnight of lashes. Besides, she wasn't altogether like the other society belles who took to golf as they did to pompadours—because it was the correct thing. There was picked under her pride.

Davoud knew that the bleeding blue between her thumb and forefinger must have smarted. She had at least one of the requisites for being a golfer.

The terminus of the trolley line from the city was a block below, leaving the traveler to plod through a wilderness of wet clay.

As the car whizzed to the track limits, the girl in a dark blue raincoat and Tam O'Shanter cap stood in the door. Davoud recognized the little slenderness, the slender figure. He became nervously interested in the dilapidated masher.

"You'd better stay, Tommy," he said.

She came up the steps in the gray rain, smiling the well-bred smile which had in it such a maddeningly impersonal sweetness.

"Good morning, Mr. Davoud. Is it too wet for a lesson today?" she asked, determined to conquer that swing.

Davoud endeavored to keep the admiration out of his clear hazel eyes.

"Picking up a driver and some irons, and cramming a few balls into his pocket, he followed her, the testis round, questioning the caddy down the slope by the narrow brook.

A blue raincoat, generously supplied with gold braid and brass buttons, gave the wearer a smart military appearance, but it is not the best costume in the world for golf. Davoud eyed it with a mixture of personal admiration and professional disapproval.

"I'm afraid you won't be able to do much in the rain," he said, respectfully. "If you'll let me take it back to the club house I'll bring you one of my sweaters instead."

His fair pupil hesitated, evidently impressed with the offer. He was different today. Then, "Thank you, no," she said with a sweet finality.

Davoud understood. Such favors could only be accepted from one's equals.

A wild desire to conquer that Ingrain grid of hers came upon him. He understood her attitude well enough. He had not worked among her cult three years without learning that if you were in their set, all right, you were worthy of consideration, otherwise, as a man, you were not.

Davoud was something of a philosopher and had hitherto gone on his clean and sunny way, much in the open air, with the happy-hearted consciousness of the tramping influence of all such nonsense.

He frowned slightly as he handed her the driver. "Try your swing," he said curtly.

"Aren't you going to give me a ball?" asked Miss De Peyster.

"No use till you know the swing better," returned Davoud unsmilingly. Here was the kingdom in which he was the unquestioned autocrat.

Antoinette De Peyster took the driver meekly. Up to this time her instructor had been swinging with a long-suffering patience. He was different today.

His first practice swing was a beautiful exhibition of all the glaring faults possible to a golfer.

Davoud refrained from comment. "Try again," he said.

Seven numbers two resulted in a mixup of coat and driver disastrous in the extreme.

"No good!" remarked Davoud with unfeigned brevity. "Hate of clubs," he called to the boy. "You can go up to the house. We won't be using any balls this morning."

The burning flush leaped to the girl's cheeks. "Stay where you are, caddy," she called. "We will be using balls this morning."

She tore off the hammering coat and stood in the rain in a checked shirt-waist. With some fierce determination, she took out her sleeve links and rolled up her sleeves.

"Here!" she said, as she took up her driver.

Davoud's hazel eyes were tell-tale. He had a weak desire to renew his offer of a sweater. But he shut his lips. One snub was enough.

"Now, give a good easy back swing," he said encouragingly. "Don't hurry. Get your shoulders into it and follow your stroke through. Steady, now!"

She gave a little despairing groan and bent to her task. Swing after swing, some bad, some indifferent, some good. An hour passed. Her back was aching; her thin wrist was throbbing through and clung to her slender shoulders, the rain ran off her Tam O'Shanter and down into her eyes.

got it at last. That's a hundred yards."

Then an unexpected thing happened. The daughter of a hundred De Peysters clasped her driver to her bosom for a partner and waited delightedly on the wet teeing ground.

"Hurrah!" she cried. "Didn't I tell you I would?" she said, stopping in her dance and eyeing Davoud a little resentfully. Then she turned to the caddy and said, "I'll be back in a minute."

She said, and offered him her blistered hand.

The swing having been mastered, everything else in golf is comparatively plain sailing. Through the golden autumn days, Davoud watched the gray-eyed Antoinette come steadily out of her shell, and the time red balls became a necessity, she had won a reputation among the women members of the club as the coming champion.

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service the obligation is quite on my side," he said.

The man of Miss De Peyster's world missed the point completely.

"Oh, but I insist," he said, smiling.

Davoud took the proffered note between his fingers, a rose, fragrant, "Here, caddy," he called, "here's something for you," and, thrusting the crackling bit of paper into the boy's eager hand, he bowed to Miss De Peyster's astonished gaze, went into his workshop and closed the door. Had he left it open he might have had the satisfaction of seeing his mistaken benefactor crushed into fine powder by a gray-eyed snow queen.

"I should think you'd have more sense," she said, and fully. "Can't you see he isn't that kind?"

The little incident of the morning, rubbing in so forcibly the undeniable fact that she did not belong, did not render Davoud's mood genial when the arrival of the dancers found him in his working clothes, putting the finishing touches to the decorations over the hall door. It was not one of Davoud's duties, but the man hired for the occasion had managed to get himself pleasantly jagged at the last moment.

He was standing on a step-ladder, a hammer in one hand, nailing up the last wreath, when Antoinette De Peyster, glowing with a rose, fragrant, "Here, caddy," he called, "here's something for you," and, thrusting the crackling bit of paper into the boy's eager hand, he bowed to Miss De Peyster's astonished gaze, went into his workshop and closed the door. Had he left it open he might have had the satisfaction of seeing his mistaken benefactor crushed into fine powder by a gray-eyed snow queen.

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